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MISS DUZENBERRY.

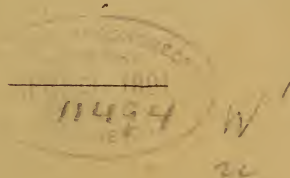
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A BURLESQUE COMEDY.

*Adopted from the French of Eugene Labiche
for the Trinity Dramatic Club,
Hartford, Conn.*



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MISS DUZENBERRY;

OR,

MURDER WILL OUT.

A BURLESQUE COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HENRY BARNABY.

PERCIVAL BOGARDUS.

PETER, Bogardus's Servant.

WILLIAM SMOTHER, Esq., a country Landlord and Justice of the Peace.

QUIBBLE, a country Lawyer.

HOSSEBARN, an Ostler.

DEADHEAD, a Constable.

MARY BRAWN, a muscular young woman.

FANNY GREENPATH, a romantic young country girl.

Citizens, Country People, etc.

ACT I.

Bogardus's Apartment. A large room, with bookcase, easy chairs, etc.

Doors on right and left at back, leading to sleeping rooms. Entrance on right. Peter preparing the breakfast-table, etc.

Peter. Here it is ten o'clock, and Mr. Bogardus not up yet! I shall have to get a new place with some gentleman who is more regular in his habits, because I have to eat my own breakfast at seven, regular; and then I have to eat all that is left of his, and I never know when to be ready for it. It isn't pleasant to eat when one is not prepared. I like to be regular in my meals. *Puts plates on table.* I am naturally methodical, and sometimes he says: 'Peter I feel rocky this morning,' and then he doesn't eat much, and that is hard on me, for I have to eat all that is left, and sometimes he says, "Peter, I feel like a skylark this morning;" and that is hard on me, too, for then there is not anything left for me. I'm regular in my

habits, I am. I like other people to be regular. Last night he went out to the annual dinner of his school. When did he come back? I don't know. Going out is one thing, coming back is another thing. If he isn't more regular in his habits, I must discharge him. But, I had best brush his clothes and black his boots or he might discharge me. *Picks up boots.* Here are his boots, muddier than ever, just to bother me. These are not his boots. He has brot' home another person's boots. Just to bother me, he has got a large pair. *Looking behind chair.* Here is another pair of boots. He has brought back two pairs of boots and no trowsers. What does he want of two pairs of boots, both muddy, just to bother me! Stop! there must be a body belonging to these boots. *Snoring heard within.* It's alive, sure as I'm born. *Opens door.* He has not only brought home a pair of boots, but he has brought the man that belongs to 'em. I'll shine these boots, and if it's any kind of a gentleman, he'll give me a quarter. Snores like he was in a sleeping car! Sounds kind of liberal. I'll brush his clothes and shine his boots. Here's that jar of tobacco that was sent home yesterday. Smells mighty good. Guess I'll sample that while I shine these boots. *Takes newspaper from the outside, folds it up and lays on table, fills his pipe. Exit with boots.*

Bogardus enters from right-hand bed-room door. He is in his shirt sleeves and slippers and rubs his eyes and yawns sleepily.

Bogardus. Gad, but I feel rocky this morning. This thing has got to stop, my boy. It has got to stop right here, Bogardus. You've got to vote a straight prohibition ticket my boy, hereafter, or you will fill an early drunkard's grave. *Puts on wrong coat.* What's the matter with the coat? Big shrinkage here. Stringency in the wool market. Must have got it wet last night. Don't feel like my coat. Don't look like my coat. Don't smell like my coat. 'Tisn't my coat. *Takes it off and flings it down angrily.* This is my coat. *Putting it on.* Ah, that feels better. But, whose coat is that? I don't deal in second-hand coats with base-ball scores in the pocket, but then I can't remember what line of business I went into last night. I remember part of the supper, and there is a sort of blank settles down on my mental horizon. Kind of a mental fog shuts out things. Seems to me I remember a dance—or, was it a circus? Circus can't open after 12. Must have been a dance. *Snoring heard within.* What's that? "Listen to the mocking bird." Sounds like a snore. 'Tis a snore. Good one too. Must have a trombone in his head. Who has any right to snore in my apartment at 9:45 A. M.? *Opens door.* It is a full-grown man lying crossways with his

clothes on. Here, you! you musn't snore like that you know, at 9:45 in my room. *Snoring continues.* Oh, come now! Stop that! Wake up, wake uup—p—. *Snoring continues.* I'll fix him. *Brings shovel and poker and bangs them together at door.* Wake up John! Henry! William, wake up! *Barnaby in his shirt-sleeves and stockings tumbles precipitately into the room.*

Barnaby. Where is the fire?

Bogardus. There isn't any fire. How came you to be sleeping in my apartment, sir?

Barnaby. Was I asleep?

Bogardus. Asleep! I should say so. You were snoring like a Chicago drummer.

Barnaby. Was I snoring? I was dreaming that I was at the battle of Gettysburg, and my snoring I took for the sound of musketry.

Bogardus. Musketry! I should think you would have taken it for the discharge of heavy artillery. May I ask how you came into my room?

Barnaby. Certainly you may, dear fellow. Don't hesitate to ask. It is the very thing I should like to know. First, is this your room?

Bogardus. *Aside.* Cool hand this. Certainly, it is, sir, and I am not accustomed to have people snoring in it a 9:45 A. M.

Barnaby. *Putting on his coat.* You must be an early riser. Do you know there is something familiar in your face—something about that nose that reminds me of childhood's joys. Would you mind turning a little to the light?

Bogardus. There is something familiar in your manner; unpleasantly familiar, sir. Perhaps you will favor me with your name.

Barnaby. Oh, certainly. My name used to be Barnaby; but where I am or who I am now, I haven't the slightest idea. Have you?

Bogardus. Sir, you are in my rooms.

Barnaby. Good rooms, too. Did I come here in my stocking feet?

Bogardus. Sure I can't say. But see here, weren't you at St. Stephens's School in '78?

Barnaby. Seems to me I was, but I didn't leave my shoes there, did I?

Bogardus. I remember you now. Don't you remember me? I was a year ahead of you. My name is Bogardus.

Barnaby. What, Skinny Bogardus?

Bogardus. No. Tubby Bogardus.

Barnaby. Your face comes up out of the past like a nightmare. You are the boy that stole farmer Jones's chickens, aren't you?

Bogardus. I believe that I did. What absurd things one does when one is a boy! But I can't exactly fix you, though I seem to recall your face.

Barnaby. My name was Barnaby.

Bogardus. What, Slimy Barnaby?

Barnaby. No, not Slimy Barnaby, that was another fellow. I was Brassy Barnaby.

Bogardus. Ah, Brassy Barnaby, to be sure. Now I recall you. You took the first prize in Greek composition, didn't you?

Barnaby. I believe that I did. What absurd things one does when one is a boy!

Bogardus. How are you Barnaby?

Barnaby. How are you, Bogardus? *They shake hands.*

Bogardus. You were at the annual dinner of our Alumni, last night, weren't you?

Barnaby. I went there, it seems to me. Did you?

Bogardus. Yes, I went there, but I can't remember coming away. *Aside.*—Gad, what a red nose he has. I remember that nose last night, but not the man.

Barnaby. *Reflecting.* Yes, I went there, but I can't remember anything after the speeches began; after that, everything is a sort of blank. I am subject to a sort of paralysis of the memory towards the end of these dinners. It is the effect of the speeches, no doubt.

Bogardus. So am I. The fact is, I was partially paralyzed by the salmon, and my memory was entirely destroyed by something I took with the dessert.

Barnaby. How are you, Bogardus?

Bogardus. How are you Barnaby? *They shake hands.*

Barnaby. I remember that you sang something.

Bogardus. Did I?

Barnaby. Yes. It made an impression on me.

Bogardus. Didn't we go to a dance afterwards?

Barnaby. Seems to me that I remember some floating figures, but as I recall it, it was more like a fight.

Bogardus. Perhaps it was a fight, I don't know. It seems to me that we went to a theatre.

Barnaby. I never can recollect when I have been to the theatre. Didn't we go to a fire? Seems to me I recollect a fire. There was a noise.

Bogardus. No doubt there was a noise if you were there. Seems to me I remember riding in a coach and blowing a horn. The fact is, Barnaby, they ought not to give punch at these annual dinners.

Barnaby. You are right. It might lead some of the younger men astray, so that they could not recall next morning what they had been doing.

Bogardus. You are right. It is a pernicious custom, and we older men should frown upon it.

Barnaby. We should. We will frown upon it, for the sake of the younger men. *Enter Peter with Boots.*

Peter. *Aside.* I knowed there was a body connected with dem boots.

Barnaby. Ah, my boots. Now I am all here. *Puts on boots.*

Bogardus. Peter—

Peter. Yes, sah.

Bogardus. Lay a plate for Mr. Barnaby.

Peter. Yes, sah. *Aside.*—There won't be anything left.

Bogardus. Peter, have you seen anything of my umbrella?

Peter. Your blue silk umbrella, sah?

Bogardus. Yes, my blue silk umbrella with the monkey's head carved on the handle.

Peter. You took it yesterday when you went out, sah. I remember distinctively, but it has teetotally vanished.

Bogardus. I wouldn't lose it for anything. I will advertise for it as lost.

Barnaby. Advertise for a lost umbrella! You must have faith in human nature.—*Putting on his coat. Feels in the pockets.* Where is my handkerchief? *Pulls out a woman's shoe.* What under the sun is this? We must have been going into the retail shoe business.

Bogardus. *Writes.* Here Peter, take this to the World office when you go out, and pay one dollar. *Puts on shoes.* What is this in my shoe? What is this in my shoe? A piece of charcoal. Have you been trying to black my shoes outside and in, Peter?

Peter. No, sah. I don't know where that came from, sah.

Barnaby. Come, let us have some breakfast. I'm hungry as the sea.

Bogardus. *Aside.*—Gad, he is a cool hand. Oh yes, by all means, let us have some breakfast. Bring in all that there is, Peter.

Peter. Yes, sah. *Aside.* If he is as hungry as that, there won't be much left for me. It's all ready, sah. *Exit Peter.*

Barnaby. I'm terribly thirsty, too, *drinks from goblet on table.* After all, there is no drink like water.

Bogardus. Yes, and the after effects are so much better.

Barnaby. It doesn't vaporize the memory in that singular way. If a man is going to be a confirmed drinker, it is safest for him to be a confirmed water drinker.

Bogardus. Does the fog seem to lift from your memory at all?

Barnaby. Yes, somewhat. Seems to me we went to a ball game.

Bogardus. They don't play ball in the middle of the night.

Enter Peter with tray for breakfast.

Barnaby. Ah, that looks good. Must have been to a theatre. Seems to me I remember applause.

Bogardus. Theatres are all closed. Sit down.

Barnaby. *Sitting down.* Seems a pity to loose some hours out of two young lives, don't it?

Bogardus. Like the lost books of Livy; nobody knows what was in them. Have some omelet?

Barnaby. Thanks—*taking it.* Omelet is too salt.

Bogardus. *Aside*—Gad, he is a cool hand. Well, you see we didn't expect you or we would have put in less.

Barnaby. Oh, I don't mind. I eat anything.

Bogardus. *Stiffly.* Help yourself. Don't hesitate to express your mind freely on my account, I beg. Peter give me the morning paper.

Peter. *Aside.* Now I clean disremembered to bring up that morning paper, and he is getting mad. This will do.

Takes paper from his pocket that was around tobacco jar. Here it is, sah.

Barnaby. Coffee reminds me of school days.

Bogardus. Shouldn't think it would.

Barnaby. Why not? Got the same old taste.

Bogardus. Because, boys that had been cutting up at night, weren't allowed coffee in the morning.

Barnaby. That is true. I remember. You never had any coffee there, so you don't remember the flavor. Anything in the paper this morning?

Bogardus. *Aside.* Confound his impudence! He is a cool hand.—No, don't seem to be. Murder as usual, *Reads*—"Horrible occurrence in the fifth ward. A woman found dead and horribly mutilated."

Barnaby. They are always doing that sort of thing. Furnishes the papers with news. This omelet is horribly salt.

Bogardus. Sorry you didn't write me word of your visit. We would have one made to your taste. Peter, make another omelet.

Peter. Yes, sah. Five eggs, sah? *Aside.* Now there will be something left. *Exit Peter.*

Bogardus. *Continues reading.* "The assassins are supposed to be two in number."

Barnaby. *Eating.* Two men against one woman. The brutes must have thought that two is company and three is a crowd.

Bogardus. *Reading.* Our efficient police are on the track of the murderers. They have found a clue.

Barnaby. That is all they do find. They always find a clue. But when they follow it up there isn't anything at the other end.

Bogardus. *Reads.* "The young woman was apparently carrying home a small package of candy."

Barnaby. That is what attracted the assassins, I suppose.

Bogardus. *Reads.* "She had also a lot of charcoal in a paper bag, and near the body was found a light silk handkerchief marked E. B."

Barnaby. E. B.! Edward Barnaby! My handkerchief by all that is inculcating! What was she doing with it?

Bogardus. *Reads.* "Which had apparently been used to stifle the cries of the victim. And a green silk umbrella, with an ivory handle carved to represent a monkey's head." My umbrella, as sure as there is a judge in the Supreme Court!

Barnaby. There was a piece of charcoal in my shoe, and a woman's shoe in my pocket. *Jumping up.*

Bogardus. You must have borrowed my umbrella last night. Putting his hand in his coat pocket.

Barnaby. I never borrow umbrellas and I wouldn't take one with a carved ivory handle. Its bad style. You must have borrowed my handkerchief.

Bogardus. *Drawing his hand from his pocket.* What's this?

Barnaby. Candy! The spoils of our victim!

Bogardus. This is horrible, Barnaby. It would appear that we must have wandered forth on the streets, flushed with wine.

Barnaby. *Groaning.* So it would, so it would, Bogardus. And we must have struck down a defenceless young woman carrying a package of candy and charcoal to her family at two o'clock in the morning.

Barnaby. Such seems to be the awful fact, Bogardus. *Angrily.* What was she doing on the streets with packages of charcoal and candy, at 4 o'clock in the morning? Young women ought to be at home by 9 o'clock.

Bogardus. They ought. She ought to be ashamed of herself.

Barnaby. The police are on our trail, Bogardus.

Bogardus. They have a clue, Barnaby.

Barnaby. But they can't find us, Bogardus.

Bogardus. That umbrella. Oh, that umbrella.

Barnaby. Probably you jabbed the life out of the poor girl with the point or crushed her skull with furious blows from the ivory handle carved like a monkey's head.

Bogardus. That umbrella, that umbrella!

Barnaby. Surely you don't mind the loss of one umbrella?

Bogardus. It is horrible, that umbrella, Why did I leave it on the scene of blood?

Barnaby. Never mind that umbrella. You can buy another one of a better style.

Bogardus. That umbrella, that fatal umbrella! My name and address were on a silver plate on the handle.

Barnaby. Why did you have your name and address on a silver plate on the handle?

Bogardus. I never thought of assassinating anybody with it.

Barnaby. You were very careless to leave it. We must seek safety in flight.

Bogardus. We must, at once. Hush—*Enter Peter.*

Peter. I have brought you another omelet, sah.

Barnaby. Thank you, Peter. I have had quite enough.

Peter. To *Bogardus.* Shall I help you, sah?

Bogardus. No, Peter, I have no appetite.

Peter. *Aside.* There will be lots left after all.

Bogardus. Peter, we are going out for a little walk. If any one calls before we go, tell him we have gone to the races. If any one calls after we are gone, ask him to take a seat and wait till we return.

Barnaby. *Aside.* Gad, what executive ability he has!

Peter. Yes, sah. If any people come before you are gone, show them up.

Bogardus. No, no, you rascal. If anyone calls before we are gone, say that we are out. If anyone calls after we are out show them up. Say that we will soon return and ask him to wait. Here, Peter. *Giving him some money.*

Peter. Thank you, sir. I understand now.

Bogardus. You may remove the breakfast, Peter.

Barnaby. And, Peter, if anyone calls, perhaps it may be as well for you to forget that anybody has been here except Mr. Bogardus. *Gives him some money.*

Peter. Thank you, sir. I disremember it tetotally, sah. There wasn't anybody slept in that room worth mentioning.

Bogardus. You may remove the breakfast, Peter. And, Peter, you need not put that notice in the paper. I don't care much for that umbrella. It was old and out of style. Give me the notice, Peter.

Peter. Yes, sah. *Hands him the notice and exit Peter with the tray, etc.*

Bogardus. *Taking up the shoe.* These evidences of our guilt must be destroyed, Barnaby.

Barnaby. Certainly, but how?

Bogardus. *Presenting the shoe.* Eat it. Do not hesitate.

Barnaby. Might eat the candy. Can't eat that. *Aside*—How fertile he is in resourses.

Bogardus. Burn it, then. Put it in the stove. Put some paper with it and consume it utterly.

Barnaby. All right. We will have some fried sole. *Puts it in stove*

Bogardus. Don't jest in a moment like this. Take some paper. Not this morning's paper. Take this. *Hands him some newspaper.* *Barnaby puts paper from which they had read into his pocket and the other with shoe into stove.*

Barnaby. *Aside.* What presence of mind he has. I believe that he is used to this sort of thing. There were no witnessess to the horrid deed, Bogardus.

Bogardus. No, but circumstantial evidence is enough to hang a man.

Barnaby. Hang a man! What do you mean?

Bogardus. It's a hanging matter, Barnaby. You don't suppose that you can assassinate young women with impunity, do you?

Barnaby. Don't they make some allowance for the first offense?

Bogardus. Yes, they fix it so that it shall be the last.

Barnaby. Don't they take the youth of the accused into account?

Bogardus. They do. They arrange it so that he sha'n't grow any older.

Barnaby. Is the law like that. *Aside.* How well he understands criminal law.

Bogardus. That is the law, Barnaby.

Barnaby. Then it ought to be changed.

Bogardus. Barnaby, the police are on our track. We have got to face the consequences of our peccadillo. The police are on our trail. They may arrive at any moment. We must fly.

Barnaby. But there were no witnesses to the peccadillo, in which the unfortunate young woman lost her candy and her life.

Bogardus. No, I suppose not. That is true. *Walks up and down. Aside.*—There was but one witness. Why not remove him? I should be no worse off in the eye of the law and much more comfortable in traveling.—Excuse me while I go into my room to pack a few necessities. *Exit Bogardus.*

Barnaby. He is the only living witness of the deed. Why not put him out of the way? He is sure to be hanged sooner or later. Go then, Bogardus, to meet the unhappy female whom we slaughtered. *Takes carving knife from table.* When he enters I will meet him here,—*Crouches near door,*—and hew him limb from limb. Strange how the appetite for blood grows on me.

Re-enters Bogardus with uplifted base-ball bat. Meets Barnaby with knife. They make faces at one another.

Barnaby. How are you, Bogardus?

Bogardus. How are you, Barnaby? *They shake hands.*

Barnaby. I was ready for the police, Bogardus.

Bogardus. So was I. I should have dashed out their brains.

Barnaby. It is strange how the appetite for blood grows on one. After that slight indulgence last night; I feel like a human tiger. The Mr. Hyde part of us, got the upper hand.

Bogardus. We are in the same boat, Barnaby.

Barnaby. We are. Our careers of crime began together.

Bogardus. They did. If we are hanged it will be on the same gallows.

Barnaby. "Happy and youthful in their lives, in death they were not divided."

Bogardus. It won't do for us to be seen traveling. I have some disguises that we can assume till we reach a safe retreat.

Barnaby. Safe retreat!

Bogardus. Yes, they will descend on us here, guided by that accursed umbrella.

Barnaby. Descend on us! *Looking at ceiling.*

Bogardus. We must conceal our identity. I have some costumes we used for our amateur theatricals.

Barnaby. Can't conceal your identity that way.

Bogardus. Yes, we can. It must be done. *Goes into bed-room.*

Barnaby. When I think that only yesterday I was a gay happy innocent youth, and that now I have entered on a course of crime which can have but one end; it seems to me like a horrid dream. Yesterday I could look my fellow man in the eye and greet him with

a wholesome salutation. Now, I must flee from city to city with a comparative stranger. Behind me I hear the baying of the dogs of the law. By my side sits a haunting fear of capture. Before me I see at the end of a long vista, a drop scene—a tight rope act in which I am the star. All around me I see the eye of the law, which seems to wink at me and say, "Go on young fellow, I have my eye on you, and some day I will clutch you." *Enter Bogardus with bundle of costumes.*

Bogardus. The awful crime was committed by two young men. We now disappear from society and become a middle-aged man and woman. You have a nice, slim figure and no mustache. You must be the woman.

Barnaby. I have got quite a nice mustache coming.

Bogardus. Not enough to be noticed. You must be the middle-aged woman.

Barnaby. Now, I say there is quite a nice mustache, *Rubbing his lip.*—Besides I don't want to be middle-aged.

Bogardus. Nonsense. You can't pick and choose costumes with death staring you in the face. Here take these and go into my room and arrange yourself.

Barnaby. How can I tell how such garments go? *Holds up Skirt.*

Bogardus. Oh, it is simple enough. Put your head through the places and fasten 'em around your waist. Hurry up now. *Exit Barnaby through door on back.*

Bogardus. *Tries on his wig and changes coat; ties on beard, etc.*—It is a nuisance to have to take care of him, but there is no help for it.—*Re-enters Barnaby in shirt sleeves with bustle in his hand.*

Barnaby. Where does this fish basket go—on the side or in front?

Bogardus. No, no. It belongs here.—Don't waste so much time.—Get your skirt on quick.

Barnaby. Get my skirt on. You talk as if I were a milliner's apprentice. I tell you these things are mysterious.

Bogardus. Pshaw, you have no ingenuity. Don't fool, but put on your costume.

Barnaby. I tell you it is a complicated arrangement. It takes time. *Exit Barnaby.*

Bogardus *Continues his dressing, looks in glass, puts on hat.* Last time I wore these it was fun. Now it is earnest. No one knew me then. It was at Mrs. Brown's and Lily was the girl. She was a sister to me. She was a nice girl.

Barnaby. From within. I'm getting the hang of these duds now. I believe I've caught the combination.

Bogardus. All right. *Continues his dressing.*

Barnaby. From within. I've simplified the thing considerably. There is one mysterious garment here I'm going to discard.

Bogardus. You had best not leave out anything. They all go somewhere.

Barnaby. From within. I have it. Just wait a minute till I find the arm hole. There you are—*Enters Barnaby in costume with bonnet in hand.* There, am I not killing?

Bogardus. Killing! Please don't mention the word.

Barnaby. Well, at least I'm a stunning girl.

Bogardus. Oh, don't say stunning either. It makes me think of that young girl returning to her home with a package of candy, little knowing her dreadful fate.

Barnaby. Poor thing!—Well, I'm charming anyhow.

Bogardus. Seems to me there is a lack of harmony somewhere.

Barnaby. Lack of harmony indeed. Much you know about it. If you don't like my style get some other girl.

Bogardus. Now, Barnaby, don't be absurd. It seems to me that is not exactly a proper costume for the street. It might attract attention.

Barnaby. Well, that is what a woman's dress is for is it not? Pull my dress down behind please, that is a dear. How does my skirt hang? *Looks in glass.*

Bogardus. It has rather a lop-sided look somehow. How do women arrange these things?

Barnaby. Before glass. You're jealous. *Tries to put on bonnet as if it were a derby.*

Bogardus. Here, you musn't do it that way. You will give the whole thing away. Put it on gingerly from behind—and pat it gently.

Barnaby. Like this. *Arranges his hat.*

Bogardus. That is better. Still you have rather a masculine look somehow.

Barnaby. Of course I have. That is the style of the modern girl. I say, Bogardus, there is lots of excitement in this criminal life, isn't there?

Bogardus. You may find more excitement than you like.

Barnaby. It's great fun being a girl—when you are a pretty one with style. Like me. *Comes to front of stage.*

Bogardus. There, I think you will do now. Now, assume the

feminine air and remember that your name is Sussanna Duzenberry I am your husband, Obed Duzenberry, from Wayback. Now observe the conventionalities.

Barnaby. Nobody can recognize us. *Sits himself in chair and throws his leg over the arm.*

Bogardus. Here, you musn't do that. Assume a modest demeanor.

Barnaby. Like this?

Bogardus. No, more like this. Mind, you mustn't look at any men.

Barnaby. Don't want to, if they look like you.

Bogardus. Come, that is first rate for a wife.

Barnaby. Where is the pocket? No vest pocket! No trousers pocket! How is this? This is a great rig.

Bogardus. I think the pocket is somewhere round here.

Barnaby. *Turning round and round.* Might as well have a pocket in another woman's dress.

Bogardus. Here it is, I think.

Barnaby. Poor women do have hard times, don't they? *Strides up and down.*

Bogardus. You musn't walk that way. Step as if your knees were tied together with an elastic band. There that is better. Nobody can recognize us.

Barnaby. Now, my dear, I think we are ready to go out.

Bogardus. That isn't the way a man's wife talks to him. You must say, "Obed, how long are you going to keep me waiting?"

Barnaby. Obed, how long are you going to dilly-dally? I never saw such a slow, old poke.

Bogardus. That is much more natural.

Barnaby. I say, old man, have you got anything to smoke?

Bogardus. That won't do. You have got to give up smoking.

Barnaby. Have I? The way of the transgressor is hard. I never realized how hard before.

Bogardus. Now, we are ready to depart. I know a quiet retreat where we can remain secluded till this thing blows over.

Barnaby. Do you know, the effect of this costume is to make me feel very tender towards that poor girl.

Bogardus. Don't mention her. *Shuddering.*

Barnaby. *Weeping.* So young and so lovely. *Hangs on Bogardus.*

Bogardus. It can't be helped now.

Barnaby. Cut down in the flower of her youth and happiness.

Bogardus. We must save ourselves.

Barnaby. We are especially interested in her. We ought to put up a suitable monument, in the cemetery.

Bogardus. Oh, nonsense!

Barnaby. I shall send a check to her family, as a token of my heart-felt sympathy. *Takes check book from table.*

Bogardus. Are you crazy? We must lie hidden.

Barnaby. You must make some allowance for the tender feelings of a female. Don't speak so harshly to your own. *Embraces him.*

Bogardus. Oh, stop.—You don't do it right anyhow. *Enter Peter.*

Peter. Who are you? How did you get in?

Barnaby. I am your father's ghost. No, I mean I am your mother's aunt.

Peter. *Frightened.* For de Lawd, dere is something wrong here. Where Mr. Bogardus?

Barnaby. He has gone, Peter, to the region of the home wind. You are the last rose of summer, left blooming alone. Tell him we called, Peter.

Peter. How he get down stairs without my see him? *Enters bed-room? Barnaby turns key.*

Barnaby. Why not kill him for practice.

Bogardus. No, no. He is too good a servant. Good servants are rare.

Peter. *Within, kicking door.* Let me out! Let me out! There is something wrong. Police! Police!

Bogardus. *In his natural voice near the door.* What is the matter, Peter?

Peter. *Within.* Two strangers lock me in here, Mr. Bogardus.

Bogardus. *To Barnaby.* Our disguises are a success. *To Peter.* That is all right, Peter. They are my uncle and aunt from the country. Remain quietly in the room where you are, Peter. I must have some conversation with the old people. Don't disturb us, Peter. *To Barnaby.* Now we will lock all the doors and leave.

Barnaby. *Aside.* Gad, what presence of mind he has! I believe that he is an old hand at dodging the law. Let us fly. *Exeunt.*
—*Curtain.*

ACT II.

Office of a country inn. Window on left. Practicable door in middle. Five splint-bottom chairs. Franklin stove, maps and advertisements, chromos on walls, etc. Counter at one end with hotel register, pens, show case, etc. Table. Smother, Hossbarn and Deadhead, all in their shirt-sleeves.

Smother behind counter. The others tilted back in chairs, feet on table.

Smother. I see they have had quite a murder over to Camp-town.

Hossbarn. Camptown always was quite a lively place.

Deadhead. That's so.

Hossbarn. Don't nothing happen here. There ain't no enterprize in Clayville.

Deadhead. That's so

Smother. Well, I had just as lieve the murder business was dull, as not.

Deadhead. So would I.

Hossbarn. I tell you that a murder is a mighty good advertisement for a place. Calls attention to the natural advantages of the location.

Smother. Expensive.

Hossbarn. That's according to who it is that is murdered. It brings in lots of strangers and they all spend some money.

Deadhead. That's so.

Hossbarn. And hosses; and they all have to be fed. A coroner's jury would be worth five dollars to this house. *Enter Bogardus and Barnaby disguised, from rear.*

Bogardus. Can we have board and lodging here for a week or so?

Smother. I reckon you can. *Presenting register.* *Bogardus signs.* Won't your lady go into the parlor?

Bogardus. Lady! What lady?

Smother. Why, this lady. Don't she belong to you?

Bogardus. Oh, certainly she is my sister. *Aside to Barnaby.* You musn't tramp round so. You must go into the ladies parlor. You are not conventional

Barnaby. *Aside to him.* What can I do there? I had rather stay here. What did you divorce me for?

Bogardus. Aside. Oh, I forgot. You can't stay here. Recollet your sex. Don't make love to the chambermaid.

Barnaby. Aside. If I remember my sex, I will.

Smother. Show the lady to the parlor. *Exit Hossbarn and Barnaby.*

Deadhead. Looking out of the window. There comes Haines's trotter.

Smother. Is that so? *Smother, Deadhead and Hossbarn exeunt hurriedly.*

Bogardus. Here! See here! I want a room. Cool set this, to all rush out to see a horse and leave a man in possession! *Re-enter Barnaby.*

Barnaby. I'm not going to sit alone in that parlor with a cast iron stove and a stuffy smell and three chairs, two with broken backs, and a china lamp on the mantelpiece. I had rather be killed at once. I'm going out to the barn to see the horses.

Bogardus. No, you must *not*. You are the most unmanageable person I ever saw. You have no discretion at all.

Barnaby. Have I not acted the part naturally?

Bogardus. Altogether too naturally. You have been making eyes at every man you met. You mustn't be making up to all the men in that preposterous way. I'm ashamed of you.

Barnaby. That is the most natural thing about me. I've had two offers already. Oh, I'm a masher.

Bogardus. You musn't attract so much attention.

Barnaby. How can I help it? *Enter Smother.*

Smother. That is a mighty good hoss, and well gaited, behind.

Barnaby. Oh, I should so like to ride behind it.

Bogardus. Well, you can't do it.

Barnaby. This is a very pleasant town of yours, Mr. Smother.

Smother. Yes, Miss Duzenberry, we think so.

Barnaby. And a pleasant old-fashioned roomy house.

Smother. I am glad it pleases you miss. We are rough, but we are hearty. *Notices ring on Barnaby's hand. Aside.* That's a hand-sum ring she has, and a nice cane he has, guess they are rich folks.

Barnaby. Pretty good business, Mr. Smother.

Smother. Oh, so—so,—pretty fair for the country.

Barnaby. I just dote on the country, I'm infatuated with it, —just positively infatuated.

Bogardus. Aside. Are you crazy? Do keep quiet like a good girl.

Smother. But since I lost my wife, things go sort of caty-cornered.

Barnaby. They go caty-cornered, do they? I'm so sorry. Dear! dear! are you a widower? It is bad for a house to be without a mistress. I lost my husband three years ago. Dear! dear! you remember how badly I felt, Alfred.

Bogardus. Aside. Stop your nonsense. You will get us into trouble.

Barnaby. A house like this ought to have a mistress, Mr. Smother.

Smother. Indeed, it had, Miss Duzenberry. I feel it every day.

Bogardus. Aside. Come, you fool, let us go out.

Barnaby. A Smart capable woman about my age.

Smother. Yes, indeed, Miss Duzenberry.

Bogardus. Taking Barnaby's arm. You musn't stay here, this is the men's room.

Barnaby. I'm sure I don't wish to intrude. Do I Mr. Smother? I am not in the way, am I?

Smother. No, marm. You are welcome to any part of the house or to the whole of it, when you say the word.

Barnaby. Oh, Mr. Smother, do you really mean that? Men are deceivers, ever. Aren't they, Alfred? If I thought—*Enter Hossbarn.*

Hossbarn. Excitedly. That hoss is coming down the street at a 2:30 clip. *Exit hurriedly.*

Smother. Is he? I don't believe he can do it. *Exit.*

Bogardus. Angrily. Now you have got to stop this. What a fool I was not to register you as my wife. Here we are in a safe retreat, the police entirely baffled, and you are reckless beyond description.

Barnaby. It is all the effect of that costume. I can't wear this rig without acting out the character.

Bogardus. At least you might act as a dignified, retiring matron.

Barnaby. I act up to my conception of the character. If you don't like it get somebody else. I say, my reading is true to the broad lines. *Sits himself.*

Bogardus. You really must be quieter in your manner, Barnaby. Women don't try to attract notice from every one they meet.

Barnaby. Don't they though?

Bogardus. They don't assume that wild, reckless air. It is considered highly objectional in good society.

Barnaby. You are way behind the time in your conception of

the female character. *Noise of dog fight heard outside. Barnaby jumps up, overturning chair, and rushes to window. Hi Towzer! good dog. Grip him boy.*

Bogardus. *Drags him from window.* I suppose you consider that lady-like. Now, I tell you, you must not behave in that manner. It is not feminine.

Barnaby. Well, perhaps that was not, but was it not a lively fight?

Bogardus. You will give the whole thing away. *After a pause.* After all why not? Our tracks are entirely covered, we might safely lay aside our disguises.

Barnaby. By all means. This is the most infernal, uncomfortable, inconvenient, exasperating rig ever invented by the enemy of mankind. No vest pockets, no hip pocket, no shirt front, no nothing,—pins sticking into you, things flapping about your legs. You don't know what I have suffered. Next time I am a woman, I'm going in for the divided skirt.

Bogardus. As we have thrown the police entirely off from the scent, I see no reason why we should not go out and throw away our disguises and come back and register again. I will carry your coat. *Unpacks it from bag. Enter landlord.*

Smother. That is a good hoss, but in my opinion, he will never do better than 2:33. Wouldn't you like to look him over, Miss Duzenberry?

Barnaby. Oh, of all things.

Bogardus. No, we are going out for a little walk.

Smother. Can I have a few moments private conversation with you, Miss Duzenberry?

Bogardus. Not now. Come with me.

Barnaby. Oh, Alfred, why so stern? I'm sure I should like to hear what Mr. Smother has to say,—that is,—if it is proper.

Bogardus. *Aside.* The very spirit of mischief is in you.

Barnaby. Good-bye, Mr. Smother. I shall not forget. I declare I am all of a tremor. Good-bye. *Au revoir. Kissing his hand coquetishly.*

Bogardus. *Pushing him out.* I declare you are worse than a real woman. *Exeunt Bogardus and Barnaby.*

Smother. *Solus.* That is a plaguy smart acting woman. Shouldn't wonder if she had some money. That is a hansum ring that she had on. He don't want me to keep company with her. Guess I will slick up some. *Puts on his coat and brushes his hair.* That was a hansum ring. She is a hansum woman, too. First

woman I've been took with, since Sally had them fits. Mighty good woman Sally was, but, she did put a little too much shortening in her raised biscuits. But, her pies! I shall never see them pies again, nor such a pie-maker. She was never out of pie but once while we kept house, and she could jell anything she set her mind to. Taint likely I shall see her equal again. But it ain't well for a man to live alone. Oh dear. *Enter Hossbarn.*

Smother. That was a fine sort of a woman, William.

Hossbarn. Who was?

Smother. That woman who arrived with her brother.

Hossbarn. Shoo! There ain't much odds in women. They are curious creeters, but they are all alike, 'cept in heft and age.

Smother. You live with one a spell and you will find out that there is odds in temper.

Hossbarn. I wouldn't give a hundred dollars boot between any two women I ever see.

Smother. I tell you there is just as much odds in 'em as there is in hosses, or in folks. You don't know nothing about 'em, William.

Hossbarn. There is lots of odds in hosses.

Smother. That is so. I wonder where Miss Duzenberry, and her brother went. They was mighty fine folks.

Hossbarn. I seen 'em moseying off by the river. *Enter Bogardus and Barnaby in their original dress.*

Bogardus. *To Barnaby.* Now, we have got to arrive all over again. *To Smother.* Can we be accommodated with rooms here for a few days, Landlord?

Smother. I reckon you can if you will take us as we run. *Noticing Bogardus' cain.—Aside.* That is just like her brother's cain.

Barnaby. Give me something to smoke, quick I haven't smoked for a week. *Landlord opens cigar case, and puts a bundle of cigars on top of case.* *Notices Barnaby's ring.*

Aside. Her ring! There has been foul play.

Bogardus. Well, what can you do for us, Landlord?

Smother. Did you notice a couple of strangers as you came up, a gentleman and a lady handsomely dressed?

Bogardus. We didn't see anything but strangers, but we certainly did not see anybody handsomely dressed. But show us a room.

Smother. *To Hossbarn.* Go out and see if you can find anything of Mr. and Miss Duzenberry. I believe these evil looking chaps have murdered them. Get the other constable and some of the neighbors. *Exit Hossbarn.*

Bogardus. Landlord, if you can spare us a few moments of your valuable attention, we would like to be informed whether we can have a private room. *Aside.* Beats all the hotel clerks I ever saw.

Smother. Presently, presently! Don't be too fast. *Opens register, pushes it with pens towards them, retreats to back of enclosure and takes down old horse-pistol.* Register.

Bogardus. What have you got that pistol for?

Smother. In case we should disagree about the room.

Barnaby. What a lunatic. I suppose that you don't know that it is loaded.

Smother. It is loaded young man, with seven buckshot and a slug.

Bogardus. Do you keep an asylum or a hotel? Can we have some rooms?

Smother. Presently, presently. Now, what sort of a room would you like?

Bogardus. What have you got? We want a room with two beds and a fire.

Smother. Two beds and a fire? I haven't got a room with two beds and a fire.

Barnaby. Well, then give us a fire with a room and two beds.

Smother. The fire is in this pistol, young man.

Barnaby. Well, don't point it at me. It might go off and hurt you.

Smother. Aside. What bold villains. Not afraid of my pistol! Let me think. A Mr. and Miss Dnzenberry have my two best rooms. *Observes them intently.*

Bogardus. With confusion. Ah, yes.

Barnaby. We know them well. Very nice people. Give us their rooms till they come back.

Smother. The cold blooded miscreant! *Leaves the room precipitately.*

Bogardus. Here! You haven't settled us yet. Did you ever see the like. I believe that we have struck a private lunatic asylum.

Barnaby. Having two sets of guests come the same afternoon has unsettled his reason. *Re-enter Smother, accompanied by Hossbarn, Deadhead and several citizens armed with muskets and pitchforks.*

Smother. There are the men. Seize the desperate criminals.

Bogardus. What is the meaning of this? Are you crazy?

All. Surrender! *Bogardus and Barnaby are seized and after resistance are overcome and bound in two chairs with a clothes line. The crowd gathers to one side.*

Bogardus. What under the sun are you about? I will have the law of you.

Smother. You will have all the law you want.

Barnaby. Why do you treat inoffensive tourists in this inhospitable manner?

Smother. *Tragically.* You are accused of murder.

Bogardus. } Murder!!

Barnaby. }

Smother. Of the murder of a fair and pure-souled maiden.

Barnaby. *Aside to Bogardus.* The devil! Who would have supposed that they would have heard of our peccadillo out here?

Smother. Of the murder of Miss Duzenberry and her brother.

Bogardus. Oh! that!

Barnaby. Is that all? I breathe again. *Jumping up.*

Smother. Hard-hearted miscreants! is not that enough? She was a beautiful woman.

Barnaby. So she was. But how do you know she is dead?

Smother. She went out with her brother to view the scenery. They entered the grove near the river. They have never been seen to emerge. A splash was heard. Shortly after you emerged from the fatal grove, your faces covered with fiendish glee, your boots covered with mud. No one knows where you came from, nor how you arrived in this place. You have the ring of that saintly woman on your finger. She was strangled by your hands in the bloom of her youth and in the new found prospect of happiness, for I should have married her. You have her brother's cane. Fiends, in the human shape, what have you to say for yourselves?

Barnaby. Oh, that is all right, Landlord. Don't interest yourself so much in other people's business.

Smother. As sure as there is law in Jackson County, you shall hang. Red-handed murder can't stalk through the streets of our village with impunity.

Hossbarn. Not much it can't.

Bogardus. We demand that you produce the body.

Smother. Your request is denied. What hardness of heart to wish to gaze on the mangled remains.

Barnaby. Let us know when you have the coroner's inquest, will you?

Smother. This levity is ill-timed.

Hossbarn. This will be a mighty good advertisement for our town.

Deadhead. That's so.

Smother. Who will wan't to settle in a place where a lovely stranger and her brother disappeared mysteriously in broad daylight. However, I will telegraph to New York for a reporter, and you may charge ten cents for a glass of whiskey.

Hossbarn. It will make things hum.

Smother. Let the doors be guarded, and we will drag the river for the bodies.

Bogardus. We demand counsel.

Smother. In my opinion, they ought to be lynched. However, send for old Quibble. He will get them hanged anyhow.

Exeunt all but Barnaby and Bogardus, who are tied to the chairs.

Barnaby. How are you, Bogardus?

Bogardus. How are you, Barnaby?

They go through the motion of shaking hands, then edge their chairs along till they are nearer together.

Barnaby. This is an odd thing—to be arrested for murdering ourselves. Who ever heard of hanging a man for suicide.

Bogardus. Yes, and if we explain matters, that other matter might come out.

Barnaby. What little matter?

Bogardus. Why, what are we running away for?

Barnaby. Oh yes! Murder No. 1. I keep forgetting about that poor girl. You see, I am a novice at this business.

Bogardus. Barnaby, do be serious. Our situation is grave—extremely grave.

Barnaby. All right. I am grave too. But is is a little complicated for a man to be accused of two murders in same day.

Bogardus. So it is. But we must remain strictly incog.

Barnaby. We must not give our real names.

Bogardus. Certainly not, and they can't do anything with us till they find the bodies.

Barnaby. They won't do that in a hurry. I say, Bogardus, this criminal career has its ups and downs, hasn't it?

Bogardus. Yes, it is like any other business, I suppose. No matter how hard you work, your efforts are not always blessed.

Barnaby. Doesn't it strike you as too confining.

Bogardus. I don't like the sedentary part.

Enter Quibble and Guard.

Guard. Here's your lawyer. *Aside.* Tough cases those.

Exit Guard, leaving his musket.

Quibble. Well, gentlemen, a little trouble, hey! What can I do for you?

Barnaby. You might untie this rope.

Quibble. I can't interfere with the executive. When the law ties a rope, no man can unloose it. First, what are your names? *He prepares to take notes*

Barnaby. My name is Morris.

Bogardus. So is mine.

Quibble. *Writing.* Both names Morris. What was the occasion of your journey?

Barnaby. I am travelling for my health. He is my valet. I had heard that this is a very healthy part of the country. I am troubled with nervous prostration.

Bogardus. So am I.

Quibble. *Writing.* Both suffering from nervous prostration. Yes, the salubrity of our valley is remarkable. Yet people sometimes lose their lives here, very suddenly. Now detail all the occurrences from the time you left the city up to the commission of the crime.

Bogardus. There isn't anything to tell. We haven't committed any crime,—at least not here.

Quibble. You need not be afraid to tell me. You must confide in your counsel.

Bogardus. We come here as simple travellers. We asked for rooms. They bind us in this inhospitable way.

Quibble. *To Bogardus.* I prefer to talk to your master. *To Barnaby.* Have you any money?

Barnaby. No, not much, and we mean to keep what we have.

Quibble. Have you any political influence?

Barnaby. I haven't any with me. Have you Bogardus?

Bogardus. I never had any. I'm a mugwump.

Quibble. Then I should advise you to plead guilty. No money and no political influence? Then, why did you commit a crime?

Bogardus. We haven't committed any crime.

Quibble. I can get your sentence reduced to ten years for one hundred dollars.

Barnaby. { Ten years! }

Bogardus. { Ten years! }

Quibble. Yes, you will get that, any way. You have a pretty good watch there.

Barnaby. Have I? It puts me up to the time of day.

Bogardus. They can't prove us guilty till they find the bodies.

Quibble. They will have both of them inside of an hour. They were fast to one as I came in, I heard.

Barnaby. Were they? Well, when they get them we will be there.

Quibble. *Gathering up his papers.* When you make up your minds to confide in your counsel, send for me. I can get you down to ten years for one hundred dollars. Meanwhile, good bye. *Exit Quibble.*

Barnaby. Ten years! This criminal life has its drawbacks as a life of pleasure. But there is lots of excitement in it.

Bogardus. It wont be so exciting, ten years of solitary confinement.

Barnaby. No, I should say there might be some sameness after the first year.

People put their heads in at the doors and windows. Cries of "they ought to be lynched." Aren't they desperate looking, etc., etc.

Barnaby. Our appearance seems to be attracting a good deal of attention, Bogardus.

Bogardus. I don't half like this. Suppose they should take it into their silly heads to lynch us.

Barnaby. It grows more and more exciting. *Mary and Fanny enter at the door with floral ornaments, wreaths, etc.*

Mary. Why, they are real interesting looking. Did you ever see a real murderer before?

Fanny. *Pointing to Barnaby.* This one is real cute.

Barnaby. *Rising and bowing, with chair attached* Thank you marm. Excuse my sitting, please. Circumstances over which I have no control, prevent me from standing. Pray be seated, ladies. In a less constrained posture, I should be much more cute, I assure you.

Mary. Poor men. We have brought you some flowers, to cheer your last hours.

Bogardus. Flowers are the one thing we needed to make the time pass pleasantly.

Fanny. We will put them where you can see them and inhale their heavenly fragrance.

Barnaby. Could't you fasten them in my button hole?

Fanny. Oh, no! You see you haven't been introduced.

Barnaby. You ought not to refuse the last wish of a condemned man.

Fanny. No, poor man. Your wish shall be gratified. *Aside.* I don't think that he is dangerous at all. *Fastens large bouquet to his coat. Mary does same for Bogardus.*

Mary. *To Bogardus.* You too shall be decorated.

Barnaby. Thank you so much. Seems like a funeral But we could converse better, ladies, if you would undo these ropes.

Fanny. Oh, we ought not to do that.

Bogardus. We should so enjoy a few moments unrestrained conversation with you

Barnaby. Dear Madam, see how those cruel men have bound us.

Mary. To *Fanny* How untamable they look. How lion-like the glances of their eyes. So different from the commonplace everyday men one meets at picnics.

Fanny. Yes, indeed. Like eagles.

Barnaby. For the love of humanity, do loosen this cord a little. My foot's asleep.

Fanny. Will you promise not to run away?

Barnaby. We will promise on our sacred honors not to try to escape.

Bogardus. We will consider ourselves on parole.

Mary. But you might break your parole.

Bogardus. Say no more, madam. If you have no confidence in my honor, freedom and captivity are all one to me.

Fanny. How could you hurt his feelings so. His spirit is so noble. To doubt his honor.

Barnaby. My spirit is noble, too, but both my feet are asleep, but I will endure it.

Bogardus. Many times have I been in imminent peril. I have stared death in the face without flinching. And he stared right back without flinching either, but never has my honor been doubted before.

Fanny. I have more confidence in you. I know that neither you nor your friend would swerve from your plighted word. *Offers to unbind him.*

Bogardus. No, madam. I will not be unbound, if your friend thinks that I cannot be trusted. Oh, that my word should be doubted by a lovely woman. This is indeed a stab

Barnaby. *Aside.* Gad, he knows how to manage 'em. ~~My~~ left eyebrow tickles.

Fanny. Poor fellow. Does it? I will relieve you. *Takes a gun left by the guard and rubs his eyebrow with muzzle.* There, is it better.

Barnaby. Thank you. It does not tickle any more.

Mary. To *Bogardus*, whose head hangs dejectedly. Now, do not take it so to heart. I would not wound you for worlds. There, you see I have perfect confidence in you, *unbinds him.* *Aside.* What delicacy of feeling!

Barnaby. My feet and hands are all asleep.

Fanny. Poor man. I will release you.

Barnaby. No. I do not wish to be unbound. If there is a shade of suspicion between us, I prefer to submit to the temporary inconvenience of the ropes I despise. *Aside.*—I guess I can work that game as well as he.

Fanny. *To Mary.* What nobility of soul. So superior to the men one meets at dances. *To Barnaby.* Pray pardon me my suspicion. It was unworthy of me. I had never met any gentlemen of your profession before. *Both are unloosed and walk about unsteadily. The girls support them.*

Fanny. Cruel men, to put you to such inconvenience.

Mary. *To Bogardus.* Can you forgive me?

Bogardus. Say no more about it. We are, perhaps, foolishly tenacious of our professional honor.

Mary. Now, sit down, and tell us something about your life.

Fanny. How wildly exciting it must be to be a real murderer. Were you brought up to it! Do sit down here. *They seat themselves. The men in the center, the girls on either side.*

Barnaby. I was forced into a wild life by a cruel train of unmitigated circumstances.

Fanny. How interesting. Do tell us all of your adventures.

Bogardus. I was born an orphan.

Mary. How touching.

Barnaby. I was born of rich but honest parents on a hill farm in Connecticut. You have noticed that all our great men came from hill farms in Connecticut?

Fanny. Poor man, so young and so unhappy.

Barnaby. At an early age I was deprived of my parents and left with the farm.

Fanny. Poor man. No wonder you became desperate.

Barnaby. In these interesting circumstances, I was put under the care of a grinding guardian.

Bogardus. *Interrupting.* At four years, I ran away from home and became a foot pad.

Barnaby. *Interrupting.* A contemptible straight-laced honest man. My spirit rose against oppression. I removed that guardian.

Bogardus. *Interrupting.* Placing myself at the head of a gang of bandits, I devastated.—

Barnaby. *Interrupting and speaking very fast.* Since then I have lived a life of an outlaw—my hand against every man and every man's hand against mine. I terrorized the country for years. I am the head of a great organization with our emissaries in every town.

My friend here is a mere amateur, a robber apprentice whom I am putting up to a few points. The unfortunate man and woman who came here yesterday were in the possession of information that was fatal to our band. It was necessary to remove them. They are removed accordingly.

Fanny. Where to?

Barnaby. To one of the secret hiding places of our band. They can be produced at a moments notice.

Mary. Then, why don't you produce them?

Barnaby. Do you think so meanly of me as to suppose that I would produce them at the dictate of the minions of the law. No, far rather death. Death has no terrors for me.

Bogardus. Nor for me. I snap my fingers at it.

Mary. To *Funny*. What untamed eagle—like fearlessness! Such men one could love with one's whole soul.

Fanny. Yes, indeed. To the firey center of one's heart.

Barnaby. Do you think that we would fly from the dogs of the law. Perish the thought.

Bogardus. Perish the thought.

Barnaby. Don't you think that a walk in the country would be pleasant?

Fanny. The guard is at the door.

Barnaby. Say the word, and I will strike him down and hew my way through all opposition.

Fanny. Oh, no. You must not do that.

Bogardus. Why not get out of the window and not disturb them.

Mary. But that would be running away, wouldn't it?

Bogardus. It would look like it, but of course we should come back. Our parole is sacred.

Barnaby. Our parole is not to be broken. *Tumult outside. Cries of, "Lynch the murderers. Let us get at them. Bring them out. Hang them," etc.*

Mary. They will get at them and kill them. *Fastens the door on the inside. Blows heard on the door.*

Fanny. You must fly.

Barnaby. Not unless you go with me.

Fanny. I know a safe retreat on the mountain side where you would not be disturbed unless it might be by a Sunday School picnic.

Barnaby. I used to be a Sunday-school superintendent; I love the little innocents. Will you go with me and be mine forever?

Fanny. Have you got over being a Sunday-school superintendent?

Barnaby. Entirely. I assure you, my love.

Fanny. Then, I am yours. Come. *They climb out of the window.*

Mary. You mustn't stay here to be assassinated by those cruel men.

Bogardus. Will you consent to become a bandit's bride.

Mary. Why, I hardly know. This is very unexpected. Consider how short our acquaintance has been. Are you sure you really know me. By the way, what is your name? *Aside.—How romantic.*

Bogardus. My name is Percival Bogardus. Can you love an outlaw, a proscribed man.

Mary. It has been my dream to wed a lion-hearted man, who would terrorise the country from his rocky lair, and whom I could terrorise at home.

Bogardus. Here is the man. The genuine article. *Cries heard outside as before,—the door is pounded on.*

Mary. Come quick, there is no time to lose.

Bogardus. *Aside.* I guess that door will hold a few minutes longer. I will not leave this room till you promise to be mine.

Mary. Nonsense, you must. Come along, we can talk of that as we fly, *Pushes him towards window.*

Bogardus. Gad! how strong she is! Gently, gently, please, my dear.

Mary. Catching hold of him and hauling him along. You are mine now, my lion-hearted terror, my stony eagle! I never knew what love was before.

Bogardus. *Aside.* Neither did I. This is a new experience. She has the muscle of a prize fighter. I thought love was a tender passion, my dear.

Mary. So it is, usually. But these are unusual circumstances. My love is deep as the ocean, and strong,—oh, so strong! *Still hauling him towards window.*

Bogardus. *Aside.* Strong. I should say it was strong. John L. Sullivan is nothing to it,—easy, easy, my dear.

Mary. *Gets through window and hauls Bogardus through..* Come on my bandit, my robber king. You have found your mate. *Exeunt behind window as Smother enters in through the other side in exaggerated mourning.*

Smother. The body of the sainted woman cannot be found. I have put on mourning for her. Where have ye hidden it ye miscreants? You shall answer; you shall be put to the torture. *Perceives vacant chairs.* Why they have gone, too! No bodies! No criminals! Help! Rescue! They have cut sticks. They have

vamoosed. They have departed. *The crowd rushes in through door.* The murderers are loose. Pursue them. The reputation of our town is at stake. No murderers and no corpses! Pursue them. Bring them in dead or alive.

All. Pursue them.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

Same room as in Act II. Bogardus and Barnaby bound in chairs. Smother, Hossbarn and Deadhead have just finished tying them.

Smother. They thought they could get away, but we caught 'em. There, I guess that you will not get away this time until you are led out for execution.

Barnaby. I still hold, Landlord that you can't hang anybody for murder until you can prove that somebody is dead.

Smother. Where is Miss Duzenberry?

Barnaby. I am sure I don't know. Why do you hold me responsible for a female in whom I do not take the slightest interest?

Smother. Your impudence is equalled only by your monstrosity. Let the door be guarded, and we will bring them to trial at once. Bring in the Jury, constable.

Hossbarn. All right Squire. *Exeunt all but B. and B.*

Barnaby. This criminal life is very confining, Bogardus.

Bogardus. Altogether too sedentary, Barnaby.

Barnaby. That is the most pestilential old fool I ever saw.

Bogardus. They can't prove anything against us.

Barnaby. I'd rather they would prove it and let me go, than not prove it and hold me because they can't.

Enter Smother, Deadhead, Hossbarn, Quibble and three or four others.—Enough to make a jury of six.

Smother. The trial will now proceed. Mr. Constable, conduct the jury to their places. Gentlemen of the jury, rise.—You do solemnly swear that you will hear the evidence in this case of the People against the man Morris, and his partner, and a true verdict

give according to the evidence and the statute in such case made and provided, raise your right hands.

Jury. We do. *All stare intently at Barnaby.*

Smother. Prisoner at the bar, rise.

Barnaby. *Rises awkwardly, with chair attached.* I must protest.

Smother. Silence in the Court. You shall be heard through your counsel. *Reads from paper.* "You are accused of having, with malice aforethought and intent to do bodily harm, clubbed, stabbed, drowned, murdered, and otherwise bereft of life with clubs, stones, daggers, swords, guns, revolvers, and howitzers, Miss Clara Duzenberry, to her great bodily harm, detriment and inconvenience, and contrary to the statute in such case made and provided." What do you plead?

Barnaby. I claim first: that no murder has been committed; second, that I did not do it; third, that Miss Duzenberry committed suicide and is at present in perfect health; fourth, that there never has been, and is not now, and never will be, any Miss Duzenberry.

Smother. *Entering notes.* Have you counsel?

Barnaby. No.

Smother. I will appoint Solomon Quibble, Esq., Attorney at-law, to defend the prisoners.

Barnaby. Then, I plead guilty.

Smother. You shall be heard through your counsel. Mr. Quibble, take charge of the case. What plea do you enter?

Quibble. *Rising.* I plead that the prisoner is insane. It is a clear and undoubted case of emotional insanity.

Barnaby. Nonsense! *Sitting down violently with chair.*

Bogardus. *Aside.* Gad, he is about right.

Quibble. We shall show, your Honor, that the prisoner's family are all insane, and have been so for three generations.

Barnaby. *Angrily.* Perfectly absurd.

Quibble. In particular we shall show that the prisoner was born under very unsanitary conditions; that his mother boarded before his birth with an insane woman whose son was also insane, from whom the prisoner caught the complaint; that symptoms of a tendency to delirium were developed in the prisoner at the age of two years, giving rise to homicidal insanity during his entire childhood; that the prisoner's speech, look and actions are wild, disconnected, incoherent and such as only an insane person indulges in.

Barnaby. *Angrily.* A pack of lies!

Quibble. *Aside to him.* That is right. Talk and act just that way. I call your attention, gentlemen of the jury, to the pris-

oner's appearance. Notice the wild gleam of insanity in his eye. Furthermore, your honor, under the authority of the 15th and 16th of Wendell, where the Supreme Court held distinctly that until the body of the murdered person is found there is no *corpus delicti*, and in consequence no cause of action, we ask for an adjournment.

Smother. For how long?

Quibble. For seven years.

Bogardus. To Barnaby. The old man's head is level.

Barnaby. Aloud. The lawyer is the craziest one of the lot.

Quibble. Do you hear that? Another evidence of insanity. An insane person always considers other people crazy.

Smother. Seven years is too long. The prisoners might die.

Hossbarn. Who has been looking out of the window. They are fixing for a race between the old Daniel Webster horse and Hines's mare

All. Is that so! *All rise and rush out excitedly.*

Smother. In going out. Hear ye! Hear ye! This court stands adjourned for one-quarter of an hour. *Rushes out leaving B. and B. alone.*

Bogardus. Did you ever know the like. This is the craziest town I ever struck.

Barnaby. It is a good thing that we are not accused of horse stealing. They would have us hanged by this time.

Enter Mary and Fanny, climbing through the window.

Mary. They would not let us in, and so we came the moment the coast was clear.

Fanny. That guard is just real mean. You sha'n't be tied in chairs any longer, you poor dear bandits. *They proceed to untie them.*

Barnaby. Thanks, awfully. I hope that we sha'n't be tied again soon.

Bogardus. Interrupting. Except when we are tied to you.

Barnaby. That is what I was going to say. Do not interrupt your captain.

Mary. Now, we have a new plan. *Producing bundle.* We have brought you some clothes so that you can disguise yourselves and nobody will know you. *Opens bundle.* We have brought these that my little brother found in the river.

Fanny. We have dried and ironed them nicely, so that you need not fear to catch cold.

Barnaby. To Bogardus. Our disguises! How fortunate!

Bogardus. Our disguises to be sure. Now, Barnaby, be a good girl this time.

Mary. Run into the parlor and disguise yourselves quick as you can. We will go away and meet you outside. *Exeunt B. and B.*

Fanny. What fun! Do you suppose nobody will know them?

Mary. Oh, we can fix them up a little.

Fanny. But what can we do with them.

Mary. We will introduce them as friends from the city. Make up some names.

Fanny. Let me see. *Enter Peter.*

Peter. Excuse me ladies. I am looking for two strangers.

Fanny. Two strangers. *Aside.* Its somebody after our bandits.

Peter. Yes ladies. An elderly man and woman.

Mary. Oh, yes; exactly; an elderly man and woman.

Peter. I followed them from the railroad station.

Fanny. Why do you want an elderly man and woman?

Peter. They have absquandered my master in toto.

Mary. Is it possible!

Peter. Yes miss, and I have followed them to this town and I am going to have them arrested. They are desperate characters.

Fanny. Why this town is running over with desperate characters!

Peter. Then I guess I'll get the constable.

Mary. We will show you where he lives. *Exeunt all three*
Enter B. and B. disguised.

Barnaby. Does my dress hang right behind?

Bogardus. Oh, yes, it hangs down to the ground.

Barnaby. Is my hat on straight? This makes me think of that poor girl.

Bogardus. Pretty straight, I think, but it looks crumpled. Poor thing, I am sorry for her, too.

Barnaby. How do I look. Her bright and unsuspecting life snuffed out in an instant. *Weeps.*

Bogardus. Are my whiskers even? Life is very uncertain, Barnaby.

Barnaby. Push 'em a little more to the left. There that will do. It is indeed, Bogardus. She was probably bringing the candy to her little sister, Bogardus.

Bogardus. They don't feel just right. Straighten 'em a little, please. That little sister will never see her, Barnaby. Nor eat that candy. *Weeps.*

Barnaby. Not in this world. So young and so happy! Am I all right, Bogardus?

Bogardus. You haven't a real feminine air somehow. Cut down so early in life, she who might have made some good man's home bright and happy. There, that is better. *Pulls down his skirt.*

Barnaby. Now, we are complete. Probably she would have lived to a good old age. *Enter Peter and Hossbarn.*

Peter. There they are. I want you to arrest them for making away with two men.

Hossbarn. Why them's the folks came this morning. They've been made away with themselves.

Peter. I can't help that. I've got a requisition.

Hossbarn. All right then. *Peter shows him paper.*

Barnaby. *To Bogardus* Here's more trouble. These are mighty good disguises of yours. -I'd like to assume some character in which I should not be liable to arrest.

Bogardus. *To Barnaby.* No one could have foreseen this complication. It is unfortunate.

Barnaby. We'll have to go through some more lightning transformation scenes. Fast as they take us up in one character, we will change to another.

Bogardus. I am afraid that would not work. I must speak to Peter. *Moves up behind Peter and speaks in his ear.* *Hossbarn continues reading requisition paper.* Peter, bring another omelet!

Peter. Great scott!! Mr.—

Bogardus. Hush. Don't mention my name but go right back to town and if anybody asks for me say I'm in Europe.

Peter. Yes, sah.

Barnaby. And Peter. While you are about it, say I'm dead. Dead, Peter recollect. I never was deader, that is simplest. Dead. Peter.

Peter. Yes, sah.

Hossbarn. This is all right. Now, come along.

Peter. These are not the individuals.

Hossbarn. Paper is all right, I'm going to arrest them anyhow.

Barnaby. *To Peter.* Tell him you saw the right people in another part of the town.

Peter. I saw those individuals near the depot. Come quick.

Hossbarn. Well, I want my fees anyway.

Peter. You shall have them.

Barnaby. "Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee." *Giving him money.*

Hossbarn. All right. We'll catch them. *Exit Hossbarn and Peter, main door.*

Barnaby. There is more excitement in this criminal life than I thought possible, but I am getting mixed as to whom I really am.

Bogardus. It is confusing. Assume a more conventionally proper air. Some one is coming. *Enter Smother.*

Smother. The bodies as sure as I am born! Where are the prisoners?

Barnaby. Two persons went out just as we arrived, Mr. Smother.

Smother. Is it really you, Miss Duzenberry? Alive and well? You can imagine what I have suffered in thinking about you.

Barnaby. Have you? Was the thought of me so painful?

Bogardus. *Aside to Barnaby.* Shut up, you fool.

Smother. I have looked for you everywhere. That is, for your remains. I thought that you had been murdered.

Barnaby. Murdered! How horrible! What an idea! I am not in the habit of being murdered, I assure you. *Coquettishly.* And you really felt badly?

Bogardus. *To Barnaby.* Stop your confounded nonsense. I believe that lawyer is right. You are insane. You will get us into trouble again.

Smother. Yes, I felt very bad right here. *Puts his hand on his heart.* I hain't felt so bad since I lost Sally.

Barnaby. Did you really think I was murdered?

Smother. Yes, there came here two of the most villainous looking men, I ever saw. One of them was a huge man, his face seamed with crime.

Barnaby. *To Bogardus.* *That is you.* But there were two you say, the other was not so bad then?

Smother. You are mistaken, Miss Duzenberry. The other was shorter, but I never saw a more frightful face. He looked like a fiend from hell, out on a summer vacation and trying to look benevolent. I shudder when I think of that evil man.

Bogardus. *To Barnaby.* That is you. But where are they now?

Smother. They were captured and escaped. I re-captured them after a most desperate struggle.

Barnaby. They resisted, did they?

Smother. Violently. I thought at one time that I should have to call for help.

Bogardus. But, you did not.

Smother. No, the thought of Miss Duzenberry nerved my arm. I was like a thousand men.

Barnaby. But where are the desperate miscreants now? Do let us see them.

Smother. Looking around. That reminds me. They have escaped again. They must be pursued. *Calls.* Hiram! George! *Enter Hossbarn and Deadhead.* Them murderers have got loose again. They must be caught.

Hossbarn. Them murderers is more trouble than a whole family.

Deadhead. Confound them, why can't they stay caught? I can't be chasing murderers all this good haying weather.

Smother. They must be caught for the honor of the town. Will you go with us, Mr. Duzenburry?

Bogardus. Thanks. I am rather tired after my walk. *Aside.*—The idea of asking a man to help catch himself. I will stay and protect my sister.

Barnaby. Oh, yes, do. *Catching his arm.* I'm so timid.

Hossbarn. If we get them again, we might as well shoot them on the spot and save all further litigation.

Barnaby. Oh, yes, shoot them on the spot.

Smother. Bring them in alive or dead, and we will give them a fair trial. Law is law.

Hossbarn. But, it seems to me, that there hasn't been anybody murdered. Here are the folks to prove it.

Barnaby. We don't know anything about it. We are strangers, aren't we Alfred?

Bogardus. Certainly, we know nothing about the case.

Smother. You can't prove anything by them. Those murderers were in the custody of the law, and they can't be released except by verdict.

Barnaby. Oh, catch them by all means.

Smother. It shall be done if you wish it. But I will take off my mourning. *Removes his coat.*

Hossbarn. To Deadhead. I can't get this through my head.

Deadhead. Nor I neither. But it will all come out on the trial.

Barnaby. To Smother. Did you really think I was lost?

Bogardus. To Barnaby. Keep quiet, can't you. You will get things mixed.

Barnaby. To Bogardus. Can't be mixed up worse than they are already. If I am to wear a woman's dress, I am going to have a woman's heart. No half-way measures for me. It is the effect of this costume.

Smother. I thought I should never see you again.

Barnaby. My poor man! Now catch those murderers, and when you get them, I am yours. We will have the hanging and the wedding on the same day. Two nooses—one clergyman!

Smother. They shall be captured. *Exeunt Smother, Hossbarn and Deadhead.*

Bogardus. Positively, Barnaby, you are the most imprudent person,—don't you know that that first murder is still hanging over us. We should avoid all notice.

Barnaby. Dear me! I forgot all about that poor girl. So young, so handsome, and no suitable monument erected over her mangled remains. *Weeps.* It is a duty peculiarly ours. It shall be inscribed, "From her friends and well wishers.—The good die young."
Enter Mary and Fanny.

Fanny. Why didn't you come out as you said you would? We have been waiting for you this half hour, you naughty bandits.

Barnaby. Our disguises are so good that there is no need of our running away now.

Fanny. Oh, you goose. You don't think that you really look like a woman.

Barnaby. Why. Don't I?

Mary. You might deceive a man, but not a woman. How his dress hangs! Do look.

Fanny. Let me arrange you a little. Pins it up here and there.

Mary. That is better; still—*Mary and Barnaby converse apart.*

Fanny. But didn't you want to see us? Why did you wait?

Barnaby. Knew you would come here to see us pretty soon.

Fanny. But, the gentlemen ought to come to see the ladies.

Barnaby. Well, I'm a lady now. I admit, Bogardus was not polite to dally here. He is only a walking gentleman. We girls have to wait for people to come to see us.

Fanny. We girls, indeed!

Barnaby. It's mean in Mary to take the only beau.

Fanny. *Tearfully.* Then you don't love me any longer?

Barnaby. Oh, yes, I do, but in a different way. More tender and retiring, you know.

Fanny. I don't like the retiring way.

Barnaby. I can't feel much like a bold bandit in this dress. I can't make the advances, now.

Fanny. *Pouting.* I don't believe you ever hurt anybody.

Barnaby. Don't you? Just read our exploit in this morning's paper. *Feels frantically for the pocket.*

Bogardus. Calls out. Don't tell her about that.

Fanny. About what? You mustn't have any secrets from me

Bogardus. Running up. Don't show that paper. You might give the police a clue.

Barnaby. If they get a clue, we are safe anywhere.

Fanny. You must give your Fanny your whole confidence.

Barnaby. Certainly. But I can't find any pockets. There are a great many inconveniences about being a woman.

Fanny. Here is the pocket. You were looking in the wrong gore.

Barnaby. I was looking in the wrong gore, was I?

Bogardus. Don't show the paper.

Mary. Coming up. What are you talking about, my dear?

Bogardus. I was saying that it was very fortunate that you found our disguises.

Barnaby. That paper must be in my coat pocket. *Goes to side where his coat is. Enter Smother.*

Smother. No trace can be found of the fugitives. They have vanished.

Bogardus. Are they still at large?

Smother. They are.

Bogardus. But they cannot escape, can they?

Smother. No. The town is thoroughly patrolled. Would you advise me to send to New York for a detective?

Bogardus. By no means. Let the honor of capturing them be ours. *They converse apart. Smother regards Barnaby admiringly.*

Barnaby. To Fanny. He has been examining his coat in the meantime, finds the paper, carries forward and hands to her. Here it is. Prepare to have your blood froze.

Fanny. Reads. "Horrible occurrence! A young woman found dead!" *She looks at head of paper.* Why, how old are you?

Barnaby. I was thirty on my last birthday.

Fanny. Sobbing. You have been deceiving me. You have claimed crimes that are not yours.

Barnaby. No. I assure you.

Fanny. You have assumed a wickedness to which you have no real title. Your character is not what I thought.

Barnaby. Do you think me mean enough to conceal virtue under a smiling appearance of vice?

Fanny. Yes. I must conquer my love. You are not truthful. *Sobbing.* And I thought you so bad and wild.

Barnaby. I may have lived a life of violence and crime, but I

have always been scrupulously veracious. My professional reputation is beyond reproach.

Fanny. Sobbing. How could you have murdered a woman when you were only two years old.

Barnaby. Two years old.

Fanny. Deceiver! I don't believe you ever killed a chicken. Say that you have at least, robbed a hen roost, and that your love for me made you claim crimes you never have committed.

Barnaby. What do you mean? We are hiding now on account of that murder, and I haven't slept since it was committed.

Fanny. Likely that you have been awake twenty-eight years. Read that, innocent man and never raise your head again.

Barnaby. Reads. "Fort Sumter was this morning fired upon from Charleston. The venerable Edward Ruffin pointed the first gun." Confound those fellows. Have they started a new rebellion. Is that old Ruffin on hand to fire the first gun again? I will enlist at once. Thank the Lord for the chance to show myself a man. Good bye, my love. Halloo, Bogardus! Come here! We can go to war and get out of this. *The others come forward.*

Smother. You go to war, Miss Duzenberry!

Barnaby. I shall enlist at once. Hurrah for the Stars and Stripes! *Dances around stage.*

Smother. Mercy on us! She has gone crazy. Miss Duzenberry, reflect. Think a moment.

Bogardus. We will be in the ranks to-morrow.

Mary. That is right. I honor you for it.

Fanny. To Barnaby. Here, look at the date of this paper. *Thrusts it into his hand.*

Barnaby. Reads. April 12th 1861!! Why, this paper is twenty-seven years old. Bogardus, that murder took place twenty-seven years ago.

Bogardus. What do you mean?

Barnaby. See here. *Showing paper.*

Bogardus. That murder is outlawed. Hurrah! *They dance around the stage.*

Smother. They have both gone crazy.

Barnaby. Hurrah! I'm a man again. Off with these duds I'm twice the man I was. *Begins to take off woman's clothes.*

Smother. She is crazy. Miss Duzenberry! Consider your sex. Withdraw into an inner apartment. *Endeavors to hold Barnaby's skirts on. Girls retire to back of stage, laughing. In the struggle, Barnaby throws Smother down, throws skirt over his head. Barnaby arises without woman's dress puts on his coat quickly. Bogardus takes off false whiskers, etc.*

Smother. Arising. Where is Miss Duzenberry? *Recognizes Barnaby.*

Barnaby. She has gone out for a walk.

Smother. That is the murderer. Seize him, ladies. *Barnaby and Bogardus retreat to the girls.*

Bogardus. We surrender.

Barnaby. We surrender at discretion.

Mary. We take you, for your readiness to enlist, rather than your clothes, shows that you are really men.

Smother. Where is Miss Duzenberry?

Barnaby. Landlord, you have been laboring under a slight mistake. We are the murderers and the victims. In fact, there have been no murderers and no victims. Attracted by the fame of the beauty and grace of these young ladies, we came here in assumed characters that we might judge for ourselves. We find that the truth was not half told us.

Fanny. Come,—you can at least lie.

Smother. Then, there ain't any Miss Duzenberry.

Barnaby. No, not much. Miss Duzenberry is no more.

Smother. I will resume my mourning. *Puts on his coat.*

Bogardus. There is nothing left of her, but that skirt.

Smother. Gathering up clothes tenderly. She was a fine woman. I shall never see her like again

Barnaby. Take her for all in all, you never will.

Smother. I wish I had her photograph to remember her by.

Bogardus. Cherish her memory and be true to it.

Smother. Tearfully. I loved her the moment I sot eyes on her.

Barnaby. Your sentiments do credit equally to your head and to your heart, Mr. Smother.

Smother. If there was a stun in the cemetery, 'long side of Sally, it would be a comfort.

Mary. Things are not what they seem, Mr. Smother.

Fanny. The world is full of illusions, Mr. Smother.

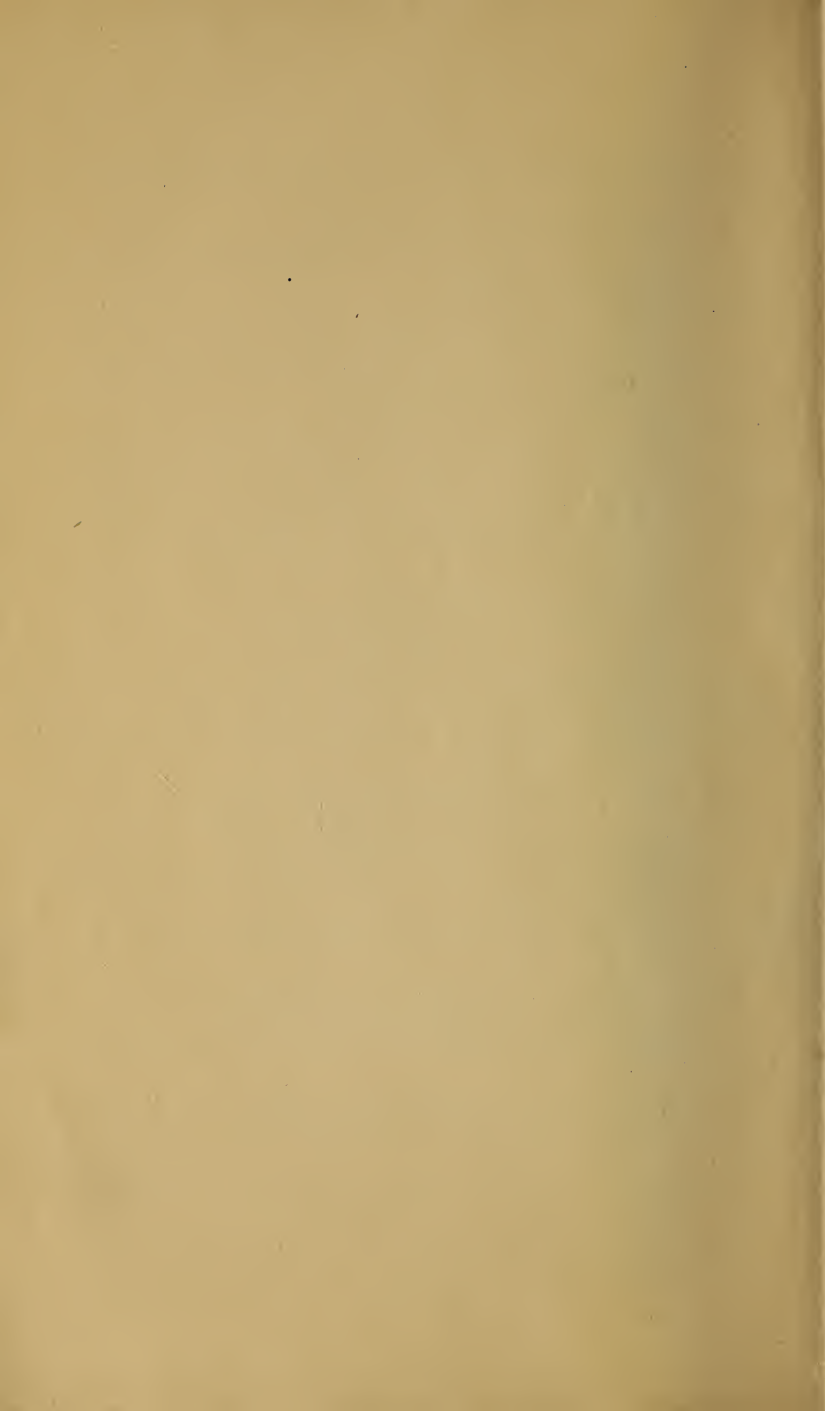
Barnaby. "What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue."

Smother. She was hansum as a picter. Lord, what an intellect that woman had! I shall never see such a figger again. *Enter Hossbarn.*

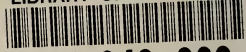
Hossbarn. The Bronson mare is coming down the road at a two-twenty-five clip, and the Henderson mare after her.

Smother. Is that so? Excuse me ladies and gentlemen. *Exeunt Smother and Hossbarn hastily.*

CURTAIN.



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